

## HOLIDAYS IN HAWAII

Christmas Ranks First in the Minds of the Island People.

An Interesting Medley of Little Folks of Many Races and From Many Lands Participate in the Joyful Yule-Tide Celebrations.

By KATHERINE POPE.

AS in all other Christian lands, Christmas is the greatest of the many holidays in Hawaii. To realize the importance of the religious festival as compared with others I will mention a few of the others first.

The birthday of Kamehameha III., on the seventeenth of March, is celebrated by a display of bunting and the wearing of gay leis (wreaths) of flowers. Decoration day is made much of, by both the white and the brown folk. Kamehameha day, June eleventh, is a big day with the natives, a day in honor of their great king, Kamehameha I., sometimes styled the Napoleon



Christmas Tree of Hawaii.

of Hawaii. July Fourth, which now has double meaning in Hawaii, has always been the American resident's great day.

"One learns to skate in summer and to swim in winter," and one learns patriotism in a foreign land. At home, save in stirring times of war, one's heart is not apt to quicken its beat at the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner;" at home in midsummer one does not often brave heat and crowd to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; at home one does not flaunt red, white and blue on hatband and with badge; but we all know how the American in London and Berlin comports himself on this day, which when at home he tries to run away from. In the little land of Hawaii the citizen born in "the States" is not behind the American in London and Berlin. All muster to make of the day a glorious Fourth, and no one is in the least blasé or indifferent about the celebration. The national songs rise lustily, 'way up above the palm fringes; the clearest voice in the land reads the immortal words of "When in the course of human events," and reads to reverent listeners; the most inflated American glorying is accepted as the day's due; very genuine feeling swells the volume and interprets the meaning of "My country, 'tis of thee."

November 28 is Hawaiian Independence day, a holiday to commemorate that on the twenty-eighth of the eleventh month of the year 1853 France and England announced, in a joint declaration, their consideration of the



Typical Native Boy.

"Sandwich Islands as an independent state." Close to Independence Day comes Thanksgiving, which is celebrated by all, the divers races in Hawaii uniting to make a holiday of the New Englander's harvest festival.

And now for the one great holiday of all the year.

With us islanders, as with you of the States, Christmas is the holiday of all the year, is long looked forward to, long kept in recollection. No man so hoary, so superstitious, so clothed about with the old Hawaiian fears of evil, but that has heard of the magi and the Child; no little one in all the land but feels some influence of the spirit of the giver.

Though there is much of real Christmas in the air in the way of unselfish giving of pleasure and of renewal of youthful feelings, to you the twenty-fifth of December in Honolulu probably would not seem very much like Christmas. The gowns are white, the hats summery; many feet are bare, and at the beach considerable of the body of the native fisherman is also bare. The hibiscus hedges are aflame with blossoms, while the odors of roses, violets, stephanotis, heliotrope, plumerias and carnations make the air heavy with fragrance. There are no sleigh bells, but many merry horseback parties; there is no skating, but

fine fishing; few indoor dances, but many picnics at Waikiki, where the seaside residences are and the beach which is the great water playground for the people of the city.

In Hawaii we are made aware of the approach of Christmas day all the preceding night. All night the Hawaiian warblers are abroad, all night the toy cannons boom, the firecrackers pop. The newcomer feels the midwinter holiday has changed places with the midsummer one, and wonders if a person can stand two "Fourths" in a year. Where I live in Honolulu sleep on the night before Christmas is impossible. Fortified, not for resistance but for a show of truce, with scores of oranges and innumerable sacks of candy, I go to my room and await, with as good grace as possible, the coming of my visitors. About midnight I hear the sound of many footsteps on the gravel, stifled mirth, the testing of strings, and then burst forth, "A ruby lip to kiss, love," and other songs of that ilk. The newcomer is surprised and asks if these be Christmas waits; says she is reminded rather of a crowd of Romeos besieging a Juliet. The Romeos at the particular balcony of which I speak, never found Juliet unresponsive, and into outstretched hands always fall a rain of goodies. There are hearty thanks called up to the windows, and many pleasant voices raised in "Merry Kreemus! Merry Kreemus!" The giver feels repaid, and philosophizes that the loss of one night's sleep is not so very serious.

On the islands there is an attempt made to copy the Christmas of the lands where the white man abounds; gift-making, church-going, plum-pudding and greens are used to help it out. Many of the gifts are such as you of cold climes have—toys, games, books, flowers, pictures, dolls, jewelry, finery; but, as was suggested above, there is no call for skates, sleds, mufflers, furs or velvets. The church-going is as it is with you; early mass for the Catholics, early service for the Episcopal church folk, church festivities for the little ones and the poor.

The going out into the highways and hedges is literally followed in Honolulu at this season. Brown babies from hovels hid at the foot of Diamond Head, big-eyed Portuguese girls and boys from the slopes of Punch Bowl, children sheltered in huts dotted among the lantana thickets of Kalihi valley, little aquatics from Waikiki, all



A Christmas Shopping Scene.

are invited, to all the church portals are flung wide on Christmas eve. Central Union church, the stately cathedral, Kawaiahao, as well as the chapels at Makiki, Kalihi and Palama, bring them into the charmed circle of the Christmas tree.

Little Ah Oi and Ah Ooe, Saito and Yokomitsu, too, are not forgotten or treated unfairly. Queues and kimonos have their trees, their gifts, Christmas songs writ in their tongues, patrons to act for them the part of St. Nicholas. When we peep in at this church and at that, see Saxon and Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Islander, care for, happy, rejoicing, we seem to find some real meaning in "the brotherhood of man;" we repeat softly:

"The angels' song rings everywhere And all the earth is holy land."

#### What He Wanted to Know.

Millionaire (to his daughter)—Tell me, child—that young man who wants to marry you this Christmas, has he got any money?

Miss Innocence—Money, father? Why, he has just given me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls.

Millionaire—Yes, I know. Has he any money left?

#### WHY TOMMY WEPT.



Nurse—Why, what's the matter, Master Tommy?

Tommy—Boo-hoo! Now I've got a gun at last, an' I'll just bet there ain't no bears around here for me to shoot!

## COUNTING THE MINUTES



## TELLING THEIR WANTS



## HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



## GIFTS FOR TWO

By Katherine Hopson

(Copyright, 1913.)

ALL the stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decoration. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths.

Edwin Lander paused before this window and stood for a long time apparently lost in contemplation of the Illigree bracelets displayed there. At last he roused himself with an effort and opened the door. At his entrance, old Scarvin, the dealer, came smiling forward rubbing his wrinkled hands.

"What may I do for you this afternoon?" he suavely asked, while his shrewd, beady eyes noted every detail of his customer's tall, well-dressed figure.

"I should like to look at something that would be suitable as a Christmas present for a lady," Lander answered briskly, but a keen observer would have noticed that his cheerfulness was forced, and in his eyes was a look of utter weariness.

"Certainly, certainly, right over here," said Scarvin, leading the way to a case where some quaint necklaces were displayed. "This amethyst one



Spread Open the Book Enticingly.

has the antique setting that is so much in vogue."

Lander gravely touched the silver links and thought: "My affair with Marguerite is what Aunt Collins would call 'between grass and hay.' It is past the candy-and-flower stage; but has hardly arrived at jewels."

Then aloud he said: "No, I had in mind something different—a book perhaps."

"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin dove into a dusty corner and brought forth a foreign-looking volume, whose brown leather binding was curiously marked with pearl.

"Early English poems, after the old missal style, and hand illuminated," the dealer spread open the book enticingly.

Lander turned over the leaves with interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique and costly enough to please even the fastidious Marguerite," his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I'll take it," he remarked with the brevity of the average masculine shopper when he finds something which strikes his fancy.

As he threw down a bill he was annoyed to see how his hands shook. "Burning the candle at both ends has had an effect," he thought, and as he left the shop, added: "This mixing of business and society is the pace that kills. I suppose stimulants will be the next resort."

He recalled last Christmas at his former boarding place, and of the friends there—especially Alice Gleason. Whenever he thought of her now, it was with a sense of remorse. They had been very warm friends, but since his sudden advancement in business had necessitated more commodious surroundings, he had seen little of her. He had really not meant to neglect the old friends when he began to go more into society and make new ones, but unconsciously he had drifted away from the little circle on Fleet street.

"The shabby old place seemed so more like home than my new quarters ever will," he muttered, and a realization came to him that it was Alice

with her sympathetic voice and restful ways who had made it seem so. No matter how tired she might be with her day in the schoolroom, she was always ready to rejoice or sympathize.

"I'll send her some roses—the finest I can find," he declared with a sudden rush of remorseful tenderness. He entered a flower shop and bought a huge bunch of velvety American Beauties. "Send them to this address," he told the dealer and gave him a card.

Next door was the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander passed the window, he saw Marguerite Fenton looking at a set of brown lynx. The rich tones went well with her brown eyes and tawny hair. As she stood there with the soft furs about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated, and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams. Yet, strangely enough, today her beauty did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline cruelty.

"Those furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would fasten itself, vampire like, on the life blood of the man who marries her!"

He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stifle him, and longing for the sense of physical motion and the stinging air against his face. When he reached his rooms he found on the table an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

"That doesn't fit in with the load of work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his head in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of almost spectacular success had given him.

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel myself again." He sat up with new energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come?"

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound boyishly. She was serenely gracious, yet he detected a note of surprise as he asked permission to call. Then she spoke of the roses, and added:

"I can't begin to describe my delight over that quaint old English book. It filled a long-felt want for the possession of a real first edition." Mechanically he responded, questioning himself in while: "What book? Did I make a mistake and send Miss Fenton's Christmas gift to Alice? In my dozed weariness I must have given the dealer the wrong address." He thought of Marguerite's demand of the best of her due, and a sense of implicit joy swept over him at the mistake which had defeated the usual order.

He sent a messenger boy with a note to Mrs. Dane containing regrets for the dinner, then dressed and hurried to the lodging house on Fleet street.

"Sure, and you're a stranger these days, Mr. Lander," remarked the old woman who opened the door. As she went upstairs to call Miss Gleason her round Irish face reminded him of a sherry full moon. He glanced at the worn old haircloth sofa, and center table strewn with magazines, the familiar shabbiness of the little parlor made the past year seem as unreal as a feverish dream.

When Alice entered she seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of serenity and peace. Eagerly he rose, then sank back on the sofa, his face went white and everything blurred before him.

"What is it, Edwin, are you ill?" she cried, in her alarm the old name slipped out unconsciously.

He passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed fashion. "No—it is nothing," he muttered. Then, earnestly, "I am tired—wearied with life as it is. It is you only I want, Alice, you, alone in the wide world that I love. Is there any hope?"

His voice sank almost to a whisper and for one tense moment there was silence in the little room. Then, by way of answer, she drew the poor, tired face against her breast with a gesture of ineffable tenderness.

In that moment, Lander felt that to his weary questioning as to what was worth while, the answer was not material success, but love which means life in its fullness.

#### Curious Christmas Superstition.

On Christmas eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that the Christ child revisits the earth. Sometimes, therefore, if there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take the little one to the door, just before midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during the earthward journey. But if the child sickens and dies, all is well, for the mother heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called by the Christ child to be his "playmate" in heaven.